

## **Fellini Suzanne**

### **"Dear Yvette"**

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[MA] Ay yo shorty I'm sayin, I knew  
you since you was like yay high, y'knamean  
You out here whylin' out, you really need  
to cool out with all that!  
[JD] Please, you don't know me!

[Masta Ace]  
Ay yo Yvette, there's a lotta rumours goin' around  
About you hoein' around, you need to slow down  
Eversince ya ass grew, you been movin' kinda fast boo  
Don't even speak now when I pass you  
Hundred Dollar bill tattoo, on yo thigh  
The gleam in ya eye for the cream and the pie  
Skirt ridin' high so they can see ya thong better  
I'ma sit down and write you a long letter  
We was little, we was friends, we rode our big wheels  
Now I see you gettin' a Benz with big wheels  
All these guys in the city, see is the size of your titties  
And that you got hazel eyes and you're pretty  
They see a girl like you and they wanna get in her  
I was thinkin' we can go to a movie, maybe dinner  
You turned around and told me I need to retire  
If I can't "show you the money" like Jerry McGuire  
I don't know

[Chorus Jessica Harrell]  
You don't really know me  
Just what ya think ya see  
Just what ya think ya see  
You don't have to worry 'bout me  
This chick got hopes and dreams  
But I'm about this paper cuz  
There ain't no love for free

[Jane Doe]  
I never been they type of bitch, maybe when I was  
younger  
I craved love and thought they could satisfy my hunger  
Thirsty, had a few niggaz do me dirty  
Slid a blade across my wrist, almost went 7:30  
I spazed, now it's all about the cash

Swingin' naked on a pole, doin' tricks with my ass  
You wanna be with me and let happily ever after  
Same ol' song, get more "hits" than Napster  
You don't care about me, you don't really know me  
My broked hearts and dreams is killin' me slowly  
Get ahead bitch, walk with a switch  
Lip gloss lips and 34 inch hips  
Airbrushed chips and chromed out whips  
I like to take trips when wife stash the whips  
Fuck love 'em, solo  
Raisin' my seeds for dolo  
And mindstate fresh, with nothin' less than Polo

[Chorus]

[Jane Doe]

Please don't be sympathetic  
Shit I don't regret it  
While these hoes half-stepped it  
Nigga I'm gonna rep it, til' I die  
And make these G's multiply  
I'ma make G's cry like when Jesus died  
And on the third day my G rose again  
A foul type chick, quick to fuck ya best friend  
And smile in ya face, niggaz stay in ya place  
Catch my head at his waist, lie with a straight face

[Masta Ace]

I know my man had you in the Bricks, with a couple of  
chicks  
Drivin' around havin' endless kicks in the Benz 6  
He said the sex was (good), the head was (good)  
Yo I think he would tell the whole hood if he could  
You say it's all about the money, well I can tell  
Cuz that nigga makes Sam Cassell look like Denzel  
My bad I'ma sound like a real hater  
I'ma leave it on that note and holla at ya later  
One

[2x Chorus]

[Masta Ace & Jane Doe talking over Chorus]

[JD] You think you are the judgement  
Y'all niggaz don't know me  
I do what I gotta do, I take care of mine  
Who you think you are, you ain't no better than me  
[MA] Why you say all that?  
[JD] I'm only doin' what I gotta do  
[MA] I do what I gotta do too  
[JD] You don't know me, you don't love me  
[MA] I'm tryin' to help you, I mean you out here whylin'

out  
Whatever though

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